

Oral History Cover Sheet

Name: Parker Benton Smith

Date of Interview: June 14, 1995

Location of Interview: Decatur, Georgia

Interviewer: W.T. Olds

Approximate years worked for Fish and Wildlife Service:

20 years (1941-1946, 1958-1973)

Offices and Field Stations Worked, Positions Held: Game Management Agent at Piedmont National Wildlife Refuge, Georgia

Colleagues and Mentors: Hayden A. (Tony) Carter, Bill Fisher (Forest Service), Charlie Elliot, Bill Davis, Raymond Fleetwood, Jay Kelsey, Oren Steele, Billy Birch, Agent Whitehead, John Boswell, Jim Silver, Roy Moore, Bill Davis, Warren Upton, Jake Wolfley, Rudy Oswald, Johnny Lynch, Wesley Perkins, Noah Long, Jack McLanahan, Jim Elliott, Walker Harrod, Boots Hammond, Yoke Row, Dave Barnes, Walt Price, Charlie Young, Walt Gresh, Donald Hankra, Harvey Nelson, Paul Quick, Bob Smith, Mort Smith, Walt Crissey, Don Smith, Tommy Lines, Art Holkin, Art Bradley, Willie Parker, Cotton Soaper, Manny Carr, Dr. Ted Creaser, Bill Lee, Herman Zeigler, Jim Schuler, Houston Gascon, Van Carlton, Phil Peru

Most Important Issues: Law enforcement, banding

Brief Summary of Interview: Mr. Smith gives a brief history of his early life, becoming a wildlife technician in Cornelia, Georgia and changing agencies four times within the four years there, working for the Forest Service, and then becoming a wildlife ranger for Georgia's Game and Fish Commission before joining the Fish and Wildlife Service in 1941. He took a brief leave from the Service in 1946, working for the Tennessee Conservation Department and then returning to Fish and Wildlife in 1958 working out of the Regional Office in the Law Enforcement section. Mr. Parker tells many stories of his time with the Service and talks about some of the other agents he worked with. Most of the stories occur in what is now Region 4.

Keywords: history, biography, employee, law enforcement, aviation, refuges, wildlife ranger, game management, WPA, banding, Migratory Bird Treaty Act, airboat, wildlife technician.

W.T. OLDS: This is W. T. Olds, and I'm with the Southeast Region of the Fish & Wildlife Service (FWS) in Atlanta, GA, and I'm visiting today with Parker B. Smith, a law enforcement officer with the FWS for many years, and we're at his home in Decatur, GA. And, of course, it's Wednesday, June 14th, at about five after ten in the morning. So, Parker, I appreciate the opportunity to come by and chat with you, and if you can, just tell me a little bit about your life and your career with the Service.

PARKER: Well, if you can ____, we can go back a long, long way. Like that. And I guess I'm going to say for the introduction, I was born in Elberton, GA, in 1911, and grew up there. And I was twenty-two years old when I left Elberton. I worked in the granite shed there and during the depression, I was right in the middle of that, and then anything that came along in the way of work; I recall working in the silk mills shortly after I married, and was making \$13.10 a week.

W.T. OLDS: Was that at Elberton?

PARKER: That was at Elberton, and that was the basis of getting married, have a good, steady job. Three months later they laid me off, along with others, and then I had to find something else to do. And I ended up working for an ice company, driving a wagon for a while and selling ice on the streets, and then driving a truck and selling ice in stores throughout the rural parts of two or three counties around. The whole time, from the time I was five years old, I knew that I wanted to be in the wildlife business of some sort. In trying to make that work out, I watched the news and the names of people who wrote books on wildlife, and every time I got a new name, I would write them and apply for a job. And, eventually, I hit the right man, and his name was Tony Carter, Hayden A. Carter. He was working for the Resettlement Administration as a wildlife biologist, he was the regional supervisor for the whole southeastern part of the country.

W.T. OLDS: And this was regional resettlement?

PARKER: Yeah. So I hitchhiked to Decatur, GA from Elberton, and talked to Tony at his home. And he decided that I was going to do for the job, so he put me on at Cornelia, GA, as a wildlife technician, and that was in 1936, and that was the beginning of my wildlife career. Before that, in trying to get work, I wrote to people like Aldo Leopold. I have a copy of a letter from him right there in the folder. And I wrote to Herbert Stoddard down at Thomasville, GA, and got a visit with him, on his plantation south of Thomasville. And he was looking for a mammalogist to work on the plantation with him, so I didn't work out for that, but at least I had the privilege of knowing Herbert Stoddard and he was one of the finest guys I ever met in my life. But anyway, all that ended up with me working as a wildlife technician at Cornelia, GA, for the Resettlement Administration, and for four years, I guess, approximately four years, I was stationed in Cornelia, doing the same type of work, but I was transferred to four different government organizations; they were trying to get rid of the land that had been bought, there were forty-four thousand acres of land, lying between Cornelia, ____, and Tallulah Falls. And we bought it all up, and, my working in woods, I knew where everything was that was to be known about that place, including all the whiskey stills. I'd run into these guys on the creeks, and, that's beside the point, but anyway, they kept me on because of my knowledge of the land lines, the corners, the people that lived in there, and I stayed there until finally they came to me and told me that that work was going to run out. And, I'm thinking back now. I worked for the Resettlement Administration, the Farm Security Administration, the Soil Conservation Service, and the Bureau of Agriculture

Economics, all in Cornelia, and then they transferred me to Gainesville, and I went to work for the Forest Service. And I worked just a short time with them and the emergency funds that they were using then were running out, and the director, Bill Fisher, who was the supervisor for the Chattahoochee Forest, came to me and told me that I'd better try to find something else if I was going to stay in the wildlife work because they were not going to be able to maintain the salary for me.

W.T. OLDS: This was what, at about 1940?

PARKER: 1940. And then I went to work for the Game & Fish Commission, Charlie Elliott, and I never will forget, Charlie called me in to his office and he said, "Now, you're going to be a wildlife ranger and that means you're going to have to catch the people that are violating the law, and I want you to strap that gun around your gut and leave your conscience on the mantelpiece and get out there and get them." And that was just the lecture that I got, I still remember it and I got a big bang out of it. But I wasn't with the, I worked at Blue Ridge, GA, for a short time, and then from Blue Ridge, they transferred me to Thomaston, GA, and then gave me a job as the supervisor of that section down there. And just shortly after that, Gene Talmadge was elected as Governor of the State of Georgia, and he fired us all, from the director down to the janitor, and then I went to work for the FWS at Piedmont Refuge, and Jim Silver, who was the regional director at the time, worked up a job that I could hold on to until I could get an appointment as a game management agent. In 1941, I went to work as a game management agent in ____, GA, and stayed with the law enforcement until, I'm looking at a note now, 1949. Let me see, that's not exactly right. In 1941, game management agent, through 1946. I wasn't particularly hot on law enforcement, I was always interested in the biological end of the game, and I had an opportunity, with the help of Bill Davis, my supervisor, to go to work in Tennessee, for the Tennessee Conservation Department. And I went up there and I was their waterfowl habitat development project leader, and I stayed there twelve years and then realized that I wasn't accumulating anything for my old age, which I'm at now. So, I reapplied with the FWS and, wonder of wonders, they took me back, and I came back to the Regional Office in the law enforcement section. But I was handling mainly the biological projects like banding birds and doing surveys and things of that kind.

W.T. OLDS: When did come back with the Service?

PARKER: Yeah, and I stayed with them until I retired, and I retired in 1993. That pretty well covers a long, long road.

W.T. OLDS: It does. When did you come back with the Service from Tennessee, you say you spent about twelve years in Tennessee?

PARKER: 1946, no I came back in 1958. I'm not sure about that. Let me get my eyes on here and see what happens. No, Tennessee again in 1958, I came back to the FWS and stayed until 73, in the law enforcement section. I get confused with dates.

W.T. OLDS: But it was in 73 that you retired?

PARKER: Yeah, it's been a while back.

W.T. OLDS: It has been a while.

PARKER: I keep forgetting when I talk to people how many years have gone by, I'll see somebody from Tennessee and, you remember so and so; never heard of him. Well, that guy's up, gone and died since I knew him, and I forget about how many years have passed. But, I will say one thing: the people in the wildlife business that I've dealt with and worked with are the best that I ever saw. I don't think I saw five people in my life that were engaged in wildlife work that weren't good folks, and I really liked them. And you don't find that, I think it's because they like what they do and they're in a business that they're interested in, and as a result, they're just good folks. You ought to know, you've been in it a long time, too.

W.T. OLDS: Yeah, I've been in it for a little while. Well, when you were first with the FWS, you say you spent some time down at Piedmont until Jim Silver could get a job in management and enforcement. What were some of the things that you were doing when you came to the Service in the management and enforcement group?

PARKER: Well, down at Piedmont, there was, as I said, it was a, something to give me employment until I got to be a game management agent, and I was supervising a crew of WPA workers that were rebuilding and patching up highways on the refuge that had been purchased. That didn't last long, thank goodness, because I didn't like it down there. And that makes a story pop up in my mind, I have to tell you. There was an old man that worked on the WPA project, and every morning at daylight, he would come driving in on an old, old Packard, with three or four guys that he'd picked up, and he never drove over twenty miles an hour, and he drove in there one morning right at daylight, and there were three chickens, still dead asleep right on the bumper of his Packard.

W.T. OLDS: A long way from home.

PARKER: Yeah, and that's what you call a sedate speed, that he was using. I remember that very clearly. A guy named Raymond Fleetwood was the Refuge Manager, and he was bugs on banding birds, he just, he banded several thousand chimney sweeps, down at Macon, and the following year, as I recall, a mining engineer for the Anaconda Copper Company was walking along a trail in Peru, doing some surveys, looking for copper, I suppose. He had an Indian guide and they met a naked Indian coming down the trail with a blowgun, and he had this necklace made out of bird bands. And the guy told him to, made motion he wanted some of the bands and the story goes, the Indian backed off and got his blowgun up and was going to protect himself. And the guide finally got it over to him that he could, wanted to trade for some of them. And they ended up trading him a hunting knife, and getting several bands, as I recall, seven bands, and five of them were from Fleetwood bandings in Macon, GA.

W.T. OLDS: My goodness.

PARKER: And although they knew the chimney sweeps went to South America, they didn't know where, and the Indian told them that he killed the birds that he got the bands off in a cave, five thousand foot elevation I believe, in the Andes Mountains. So we had an authenticated ____ of where they go.

W.T. OLDS: Right, well that's sure an example of where bird banding pays off.

PARKER: Oh, yeah, I've always been interested in that, it's been one of my long suits. I banded a couple of thousand doves around Decatur, along with the help of some of the agents that would take the time to go with me on it. And we've got a lot of good information from

banding them. Since doing that, I have had a tendency to think that the emphasis of law enforcement, and the emphasis on saving them from the hunters, might be misdirected some, because they have a mortality rate that shows up in the banding, that shows a very minor loss as far as guns are concerned. And even including crippling loss, it seems to be, you know, not too bad.

W.T. OLDS: There are a lot more factors out there that impact on their life than just the hunting season. Well, who were some of the agents that you worked with in the early part of your career?

PARKER: I worked with a few who were hired when they merged during the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, in the past. Guys like Jay Kelsey and Oran Steele, Billy Birch, a lot of them the names I've forgotten, but they were old-timers and I was the junior agent when I went to work at first, and not too long before I went, the only agent I ever heard of being killed on the job was killed in Georgia, a guy named Whitehead. And he was followed by John Boswell, and, I don't know, I don't recall who followed John, maybe not anyone. But anyway, I did have the dubious privilege of dealing with that bunch of wild men. They were good ones. They were good agents, that's for sure.

W.T. OLDS: What was the circumstance on Whitehead's death, do you remember?

PARKER: Yeah, he was taking his wife down to Brunswick from Savannah, to a party, and he was driving down the road at King's Ferry, ___ River, and he saw this black guy run across the road with a sack and a shotgun, and he knew him, and he stopped the car and called his name, and said wait a minute, he wanted to talk to him, and he started walking toward him. And that guy was hidden behind a tree and he just shot him down, right there, his wife looking at him. There was a, but like I say, that's the only one. I've known of one or two others that have been shot, but that's the only one I know of being killed on the job.

W.T. OLDS: Who was in charge of the agents at that time, in the region under Jim Silver?

PARKER: Ummm, Roy Moore.

W.T. OLDS: Roy Moore.

PARKER: Yeah, Roy was ___ sort of a job as an assistant regional director, and Bill Davis came in as supervisor soon after this. When I first went to work they sent me, incidentally it was my first commercial airplane ride, I got on an old DC-3 of Delta here and flew to Jackson, MS, and met Bill, and my job was to pick up a car that he was going to turn loose and that would be my car in Georgia. But we went on patrol, and, while we were on patrol he got word that somebody was shooting doves on the ___ of Mississippi Prison Farm. So we went up to check it out and sure enough there was a prison truck riding along and we could stop ahead of us and a rifle stick out the door and shoot the dove would fall off the wire. So, we drove up behind them, and Bill ran around to the right hand side where the rifle was last seen, and opened the door, and he said, "Federal agent, get out!" and the prisoner just sat there and looked at him, both of them. In the meantime, I was running around to the other side of the truck, and he said, "I told you I'm a Federal agent, get out!" and the guy said, "You and who's going to make me?" And that's all it took. Bill grabbed him and snatched him out on the road and they were down in the dirt scrambling around and when they did that, the one that had the rifle, by that time, was under the steering wheel and he was trying to

get the rifle on Bill, and I reached in and grabbed hold of the rifle and said, "Nope, you're not going to do that." And he spun around at me and I said, "Get out of the car!" and he tried to pull back, and I dragged him out through the window, and got him down in a ditch and wrestled the rifle away from him and then they both gave up. They had eight or ten doves, as I recall, and it turned out that they were killing them for the doctors there at the prison farm. Some of them had given them rifles and told them, they were trustees and they were going around giving shots to the prisoners. We were sitting around that night, and Bill said, "You notice that ____, those guys can't pay a fine, they're not making any money, we can't put them in jail, they're already in jail," he said, "I know the governor, I know what I'm going to do." And he picked up the phone and called the governor, and told him who he was and he said, "Governor, these guys can't pay a fine, and they're already in jail. I just want to recommend you have them hung." And we all got a big laugh out of that. But that was my first case, involved in, as a Federal agent.

W.T. OLDS: And this was what, with Bill Davis?

PARKER: Yeah, W. T. Davis, you knew him. He was from Jackson, MS, and Jackson, TN, and, no, no, I'm wrong, he was from Brownsville, TN. That was his dad, the Sheriff, in Brownsville. But there's lots and lots and lots of stories that go along with all of that time, and those fellas that we worked with, and we got into it. Another group of guys that were agents that, you probably knew some of them, Warren Upton was in North Carolina, Jake Wolfley was in Florida, and I named the whole bunch, I've got pictures of them yet to look at, too. But Jake was one that was a story builder, he could come up with the darndest things, he loved airboats, and he was always wanting to run an airboat and chase down those boats. And every day the supervisor let him have, I believe, three. I know the first one he got, he was riding down the road and had it on a trailer, and looked out the side of the car and there was the trailer going along right by him, it had jumped off the trailer and was sliding along the road, and tore it up pretty good. Well, they got it patched up, and then he got down in the flooded river bottoms on the St. John's, I believe, and was going at full speed, headed ____, another agent sitting down in the bottom of the boat, and Jake was sitting up in the high chair running it wide open, which was fifty to sixty miles an hour, and Noah told me this story, he said they, all of a sudden they hit a stump. There wasn't supposed to be any stumps out there, and he said it split that boat from the bow to the stern, and there was a sheet of water coming up and spreading out and behind the propeller a rainbow ended, as he told it. And Jake hollered at him and said, "If I stop we're going sink," said, "I'm going to run in close to the boat, to the trailer, and you jump out and back the trailer far down in the water and I'll run it up on the trailer." Well, he said he ran close to the boat, to the bank, and he jumped out and said he skidded across that water like a flat rock for a ways. Finally got out and backed the trailer down into the water, and Jake got out and lined up and here he came, wide open, and some way or another, he failed to cut it off at the proper time, and he hit that trailer still wide open, and Noah said he went over the trailer, over the car, over him, he was hid behind the car, and hit nose-first in the swamp on the other side. Tore up the airboat, didn't hurt Jake. That was number one that he really tore up, the next one, he was cruising around at high speed by himself, and he hit a barbed-wire fence right under the surface of the water. No, the fence was sticking out of the water and he didn't see it, he said it was even with his knees when he was sitting in the high chair. So he threw his feet up, and hit the wire, and said the wire bent, the boat went in and then bounced back, and Jake went straight out with his feet up in the air. Hit on his rear end in the mud out there, praying there wasn't a stump in there, skidded a hundred yards, and that was all there was to it except there was another airboat gone. And so it went.

W.T. OLDS: He was rough on airboats.

PARKER: One other story. He was working with a state officer down near Lake Okeechobee, and, they say the officer was driving an old car, pulling the airboat, and they ran out of gas, and it was on a narrow road somewhere down around Okeechobee, and they didn't have any extra gas. And Jake thought about it and he said, "I'll get up and crank up the airboat, and I'll push you down to a service station," and the guy said, "Well, all right, but don't go too fast." And Jake was a, he had a long white mustache and white hair, and he was a wild one. He got cranked up and things were going so good, he just kept on going a little faster, a little faster, and the guy was up in front, hanging onto the wheel, the guy in that car, and a state patrolman got up behind them. And he couldn't get them to hear him because of the noise that thing made and finally he got his lights flashing and found a wide place, and ran around and stopped them. And, Jake told me about this, he said got out of the patrol car and walked all the way around that rig, with his hands on his hips, didn't say a word to anybody, he made the complete round, got back to where Jake was sitting, and he looked up at him, and he said, "Mister, what in the Hell do you think you're doing?" Jake said, "I was just pushing the car down the road, we were out of gas and I thought that would be a way to get down to a service station." And said that trooper went, made the full round again, all the way around, looking at the wheels and everything and then he stopped and he said, "All right, go ahead, but you hold it to twenty miles an hour or I'll run you both in."

W.T. OLDS: I can't imagine seeing a rig going down the road with an airboat pushing the car.

PARKER: You can't imagine a lot of things Jake Wolfley came up with, he was something. He told me that when he was stationed in Louisiana, that they got hold of a bunch of goose hunters that were creeping east at night off the levees. And he said when he walked up to him, the guy backed off and put the gun on him, and Jake kept on going towards him and he shot and he shot his coat tail off. And he said he swung to get away from him and he shot and shot the other coat tail off as he swung around. Didn't scratch him, but . . . that was Jake's story. I know that Rudy Oswald, they opened up on him, a bunch of night creepers, hunting geese, and they shot at him, and he was rolling down the levee shooting his pistol and shot one through the arm, just through the muscle of his arm. And knocked the gun out of his hand and that was all there was to that.

W.T. OLDS: That's a hazardous business, isn't it?

PARKER: It could be. You'd go for months and months with nothing happening, and then when it did it'd catch you unaware.

W.T. OLDS: When you were up in Tennessee working with the Tennessee Game Commission, you were doing primarily waterfowl habitat work?

PARKER: Right. TVA had what they called de-watering projects, they were more or less an experimental mosquito control thing, but they had big levees and pumps that would really move big volumes of water and they would pump the water out during the summer time and the spring, during the mosquito season, and it would leave all these fields bare for whatever you wanted to do with them. And we would go in and plow them to corn and wheat and brown tuck millet and buckwheat, whatever we could think of that the ducks would like. And

then in the fall, they'd cut the pumps off and it would flood, and it was just ideal for the ducks, they'd come in there by the thousands. I know one night I quit counting at twenty thousand ducks coming in to one field out there. I say counting, and that's just estimating, really, there's no way to count them. But it really worked, and it spread from the de-watering projects to just planting dry fields and places and letting the geese come in, and ducks too, mallards and black ducks would feed on corn fields where they could reach it. On Old Hickory Reservoir, we would even go in and, usually in an agricultural field, the plows turned the dirt to the outside, year after year after year, and there was a low place in the center. And we would take a tractor or a bulldozer and make a low dam. I've got a picture of that. We would a low dam and have it planted with something, and the ducks would come in to that, and you'd be surprised at how many ducks it drew.

W.T. OLDS: Some of these photographs that you've got . . .

PARKER: Plenty of them.

W.T. OLDS: Who's in that group there?

PARKER: Did you ever know Johnny Lynch?

W.T. OLDS: Oh, yeah.

PARKER: That's Johnny Lynch right there.

W.T. OLDS: He spent most of his time down on the coast of Louisiana, didn't he? Working out of, mostly out of Lafayette.

PARKER: Browbridge, right at, close to Lafayette. Married him one of those French gals down there.

W.T. OLDS: And he was doing mostly research, wasn't he, on waterfowl research, habitat research?

PARKER: Yeah. That was made in Tennessee. I had a friend who was a state conservation photographer who liked to fly, so I got exposed to him a whole lot. He made pictures and they made, they put that one on the Tennessee Fishing Guide one year.

W.T. OLDS: A picture of you and a big catch.

PARKER: Yep, I think the photographer caught most of them.

W.T. OLDS: It appeared on the front cover of the 1950 edition?

PARKER: Yeah.

W.T. OLDS: Of the fishing guide of the great lakes of Tennessee.

PARKER: That's right.

W.T. OLDS: Including TVA and the U.S. Army Engineers. No closed seasons. These pictures here, they, oh, in the 50's.

PARKER: This is Elmore Price, who worked on the waterfowl project with me, he more or less led the crews and he was a good one.

W.T. OLDS: That was while you were with the Tennessee?

PARKER: Yeah.

W.T. OLDS: Well, that one's dated '51, and then you got a band on a duck here dated 1959.

PARKER: Yeah, well, that encounter, well there's no relation in the two pictures. This is Hugh Johnson, who worked at Kingston on the waterfowl project, and these guys, Arnold Aslinger and I've forgotten the other's name, but they worked on ___ Island where the goose refuge is situated, mouth of the ___ River. That's a pump we rigged up at Big Sandy to pump water out of the river and flood the area in the winter time.

W.T. OLDS: That must have been at Big Sandy, too?

PARKER: Yeah, yeah, this was just the water going out from... That was some pump. You ought to know those guys, all of them. You may not recognize many of them, though. Well, let's see how well my memory goes. Stewart Pritchard, Bill Holland . . .

W.T. OLDS: Stewart Pritchard, he would have been with North Carolina.

PARKER: ___ now. That's me, isn't it?

W.T. OLDS: Well, I was going to say that kind of looked like you.

PARKER: I believe that is me. Stewart, the light's shining on that to where I can't tell; here's Stewart right here.

W.T. OLDS: Right here in the back, right there.

PARKER: Bill Holland, ___ from Arkansas, Mississippi's, I don't remember his name. Dr. Watson, Jack Crawford, he was about a hundred and forty pounds.

W.T. OLDS: These folks are all from different states . . .

PARKER: Oh, they're from all over, from all over the Southeast, that was a dove biologist get-together. Frank Nelson from South Carolina, Harold Warhol, who's been dead now a long time, Jay ___ from Tennessee, off handedly that's all I can think of.

W.T. OLDS: Let's see if you've got a date on there.

PARKER: Should be.

W.T. OLDS: I don't see one.

PARKER: Long time ago, anyway.

W.T. OLDS: Right.

PARKER: Some of those guys have passed on.

W.T. OLDS: That looks like a watermelon patch you were managing there.

PARKER: Yeah, this was one of the old places in the field there on Old Hickory Reservoir.

W.T. OLDS: The ____ on Big Sandy?

PARKER: That's right. You know who that is?

W.T. OLDS: Bill Davis.

PARKER: That's Bill Davis. He was a true friend to me.

W.T. OLDS: Bill Davis in 1960's.

PARKER: I believe that's all in that particular . . .

W.T. OLDS: You got some more pictures there?

PARKER: Oh, man, yeah.

W.T. OLDS: Oh, that's another picture of you in '49.

PARKER: Same one. He that tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted. That was the agents in the United States, all gathered together in one group, in 1946.

W.T. OLDS: National Conference, U.S. Game Management Agents, Fox Lakes, Illinois, 1946.

PARKER: Right. It was one more wild set, too, I'm telling you.

W.T. OLDS: Now that's a familiar looking one.

PARKER: Yeah, those are the law enforcement personnel in the region.

W.T. OLDS: That would have been in the Southeast Region?

PARKER: Yeah.

W.T. OLDS: The region had a region-wide conference, I believe, in Athens, there in 1968.

PARKER: That's it.

W.T. OLDS: Center for Continuing Education.

PARKER: That's right.

W.T. OLDS: I recognize that picture because I've seen some pictures of other groups at that time, but I don't believe I've ever seen it with the agents.

PARKER: ____ the light is ____ Steele, he was at Columbia, SC, been dead a long time.

W.T. OLDS: I see Walt Gresh is in the center there.

PARKER: Oh, yeah. He was in the center of everything. He was a good one.

W.T. OLDS: I see you're over here in the picture.

PARKER: That's me. This guy was from Washington and I don't remember his name. He was a, I don't even know that he was involved in law enforcement entirely, though, I can't place him.

Paul Quick.

W.T. OLDS: Oh, Paul Quick, yeah, okay. I'm trying to think what Paul's position was at that time. ____ '46 photograph. And that was photographed 1964 at Patuxent, MD.

PARKER: Yeah, that was on, I don't know, what project one particularly was, it was a flyway or banding project or something.

W.T. OLDS: Looks like Donald Hankra.

PARKER: Who?

W.T. OLDS: Don Hankra, is that who that is?

PARKER: That's Hankra, that's right. You've been around enough to know a lot of those guys. That keeps me from feeling too old, anyway.

W.T. OLDS: Jamestown, North Dakota. A lot of folks in that picture there. That's Harvey Nelson.

PARKER: Those were largely flyway biologists and supporting staff. Bob Smith, Mort Smith.

W.T. OLDS: Now Mort was a pilot biologist here in Atlanta, wasn't he?

PARKER: That's right.

W.T. OLDS: A flyway biologist.

PARKER: He was a good one, too. This is Walt Crissey. Don Smith, who was killed in a helicopter up there at Jamestown. Art Holkin. This guy was, held the same job that I had in Albuquerque.

W.T. OLDS: He looks familiar but I can't put a name with it right now.

PARKER: I can't either. He's an old-timer. I hate to think of those names getting away from me.

W.T. OLDS: That's a familiar face.

PARKER: That's Bob Smith. Got to be a Smith in every crew. And this is Ross Hanson, he was a flyway biologist. And flyway reps. Art Holkin was a flyway rep.

W.T. OLDS: Was Mort Smith a flyway rep?

PARKER: He was a biologist. The flyway reps . . . There's Art Bradley, you remember him. This guy was a flyway rep in the California area, I think. Hate to think about forgetting those guys after having such a . . .

W.T. OLDS: Here's a photograph, 1963, in Athens, it looks like another regional conference.

PARKER: Yeah, that's the agency uniform.

W.T. OLDS: In uniform.

PARKER: Yeah.

W.T. OLDS: That didn't happen many times, to see agents in their uniform, did it?

PARKER: That's right. Do you know this guy?

W.T. OLDS: Ricardo _____. Yeah, sure do.

PARKER: I lost track of him, I don't know where he is or what he's doing now.

W.T. OLDS: Well, Ricardo was still in Puerto Rico, and the last I saw of him, he had gone to work with Puerto Rico Department of Natural Resources, and he was an assistant secretary, just about a year ago.

PARKER: About a year ago.

W.T. OLDS: Yeah, so he was still very active.

PARKER: I heard he was the mayor of some small town, but he never wrote a letter in his whole life, I don't think. He would either call you up or show up, and I haven't heard anything from him.

W.T. OLDS: Now this is the picture that you helped identify all the folks for when you were in the office the other day. I've got a copy of this particular picture, yeah. August of 1971. Game Management Agents.

PARKER: ____ Steele and his ____ stands out, doesn't he?

W.T. OLDS: He sure does.

PARKER: Bill Parker with his silly grin over there. I'd better be careful what I say, I forget. Is that recording voice, too?

W.T. OLDS: Yeah, it doing voice.

PARKER: Oh, boy. I'd better be careful.

W.T. OLDS: Let's see,

PARKER: This was the director when I went to work in Tennessee, Howard Bunton. And old Dr. Mayfield was on the Conservation Commission, he was a professor at the university there in Nashville.

W.T. OLDS: 1947. Tennessee Game and Fish Commissioners, 1948.

PARKER: Chuck Swan was the commission. This is Alan Morris, he was a game technician for many years. And the rest of the guys are commissioners, and this was the secretary. Gay Dunning.

W.T. OLDS: You've got a picture of a float plane here.

PARKER: That was the last one that I was flying when I left there. I sure did hate to leave that in the hangar, too. It was brand new, I'd flown it just a short time.

W.T. OLDS: That was in August of '53.

PARKER: '53.

W.T. OLDS: How did you get into the flying business?

PARKER: I learned to fly in Elberton. There was a guy that came there, I was always interested in it, and always figured I could use it as my work, and this guy, his name was Brady Thrasher, and he came down with a little Taylor craft and a couple of J-3 Cubs, and set up at the Elgin Airport, which was nothing but a field, no runways or anything like that. And I'd go out there and admire the airplanes and talk to him, and he took me up one day, and I liked it so well I started taking lessons right then. I didn't have the money, really, to be able to afford it, so I traded him typewriters, pistols, shotguns, anything I had for flying time. And he would trade with me, and he gave me my license and then helped me get my private license by, he represented Southeastern Aviation at Athens, and they were closing up business, and I would go and pick up Cubs and fly them back from all over the country, the Southeast, to Athens, and built up my time. I told . . .

W.T. OLDS: When was this, that you started flying?

PARKER: '43, along in there. But I got into floats because of the danger involved in flying over water all the time on duck counts. And I told Howard Bunton that I wanted floats on that airplane, and he bellyached and bellyached enough about it getting an airplane to begin with, and he really did when I told him that and he said the things cost as much as the airplane does, and I said, yeah, but they're safety features and got to have them. All right, go in and

get them, it was Federal aid money. So I put the floats on and then realized that there was nobody around there to teach me how to fly the thing on floats. And I bought a little book by some ex-Navy guy and I memorized that thing, from one end to the other. Got the local mechanic to come down to the lake and put the floats on down there and got out there taxiing around with it and figured up getting on the floats and first thing I knew, here I was, up here and down there with the lake. And I had to do something, so I landed it and there was nothing to it, I was in business from then on.

W.T. OLDS: What lake was this you . . .

PARKER: Kentucky Lake. I took one ride with a guy in Nashville that kept a float plane in the Cumberland River, and we had to take off under those bridges down there and then pull up and get over some power lines. It was always a thrilling experience.

W.T. OLDS: ____

PARKER: Now that was the first airplane that I had, on the ramp there. That was a PA-11. It was a ninety horse Cub and a dandy. The floats were loaned to it by the National Guard, and they actually were too small for that airplane, so the next time we got the PA-18, I got the right size floats for it.

W.T. OLDS: That was '47, '48.

PARKER: I had a power winch up there in that hangar, and I would crank the airplane up out of the water and above the flood line with that, and I remember the women in the office in Nashville were always laughing at me about keeping a winch in that hangar down there.

W.T. OLDS: Yeah, keeping a winch (wench) in the hangar. Some airborne shots. So you'd fly a lot when you were in Tennessee. Did you fly a lot when you came back to the FWS?

PARKER: Practically none. That's what you don't want to happen to you with an airplane.

W.T. OLDS: What's that? Wrap it around a tree?

PARKER: Yeah. It was a Beech Bonanza before it hit that hickory tree.

W.T. OLDS: What happened, did you have engine failure?

PARKER: It wasn't me, thank God. It was some other guys that came and they overshot the field and tried to take off again too late and went right into that hickory tree.

W.T. OLDS: Fishing guide again.

PARKER: You knew ____ ____, didn't you? Worked Tennessee.

W.T. OLDS: I know the name, I don't know him that well.

PARKER: Those were just some hunting buddies, we hunted grouse together.

W.T. OLDS: You got some more pictures in those, too?

PARKER: More pictures. There might be some repeats there, I don't know.

W.T. OLDS: 1946, with the Tennessee Game and Fish personnel.

PARKER: Right, let's see that once. No, ____ Sam Dickey, he's in this group somewhere. He ____, he was a wealthy lumber man from down around Memphis, and, I don't know why his name popped into my mind when that picture came up. I always liked taxidermy and done a little work on it. You saw the stuff in there when you came in, I'm sure.

W.T. OLDS: Was that your taxidermy work?

PARKER: Yeah. That one back yonder's not, that's some of Thompson's work out at Fernbank. He gave me that on my fiftieth anniversary.

W.T. OLDS: Oh, well, that's great. You did pretty good on that blueback. Mallard. And that grouse.

PARKER: Yeah, I've got that grouse back in the other room there. I never would have done that good if I hadn't had Thompson coaching me, I'd go out to Fernbank and mount them with him standing there, telling me what I did wrong.

W.T. OLDS: There's some familiar names on this photograph there.

PARKER: Oh yeah, bunch of old buzzards like me. Yoke Row, Dave Barnes, Walt Price with his back to us, then of course me up there.

W.T. OLDS: Well that one's dated 1986.

PARKER: That makes me think of a good story. That's a diamondback rattlesnake about five feet long. And that same guy and I were on patrol on Lake Blackshear one day, his name's Charlie Young, and he was a state wildlife ranger and deathly afraid of snakes. And it was in February, I had a little ____, and a five horse motor and that thing would get up and go when you wanted to go. And, as I said, it was in February and we were patrolling around among those stumps out there on the lake, and Charlie said, "Parker, look at that chicken snake, that's the biggest one I ever saw." It was a warm day. And I looked, and cranked up the motor and ran over by it without thinking, cut the motor off and looked and it wasn't a chicken snake. It was a diamondback about the size of that one. And Charlie would vow that the ____ was about the size of my two hands and Charlie was up on that, fixing to go. And I got my pistol out and shot at that snake and missed him a foot and he started toward the boat. I don't know where the rest of the bullets went, but I emptied the pistol and didn't touch the snake, and he got ten inches of his head and body over into the boat. He was coming in there in spite of everything. And I put the pistol down and got a paddle and whacked him across the back and knocked him out in the water and got him on a floating log and killed him. And why Charlie didn't leave that boat I don't know, he surely was ready to.

W.T. OLDS: He was ready to go.

PARKER: But that snake was not attacking us, he was just wanting out of that water because I scared him. And I felt so many times that, President Carter, people ridiculed him about the

attack rabbit that tried to get in the boat with him. And the newspaper reporters said there's no such thing as a rabbit that will go in the water. And really ridiculed him about it, but what had happened, somebody had beat at that rabbit with a stick and it scared him, and he was trying to get in that boat and it was a swamp rabbit, marsh cane cutter, and they'll go in the water quick as a duck almost.

W.T. OLDS: Just about. But all you want to do is get out of that water.

PARKER: That's right.

W.T. OLDS: Another picture of float planes.

PARKER: I don't know what I'd have done without it. It was a very valuable tool. That ____ plane there, that was the game management agent, Jim Elliott, was flying a Cessna 180, and he was stationed in Tennessee and he and Boots Hammond would get that plane and come over there, and tie up and anchor on my plane anchor I had out in the water.

W.T. OLDS: And you say he was a Federal game management agent?

PARKER: Yeah. This guy here is Walker Harrod with the, he was one of ____ from down on the coast. He was a game management agent, and a good one.

W.T. OLDS: Walker Harold.

PARKER: Walker Harrod.

W.T. OLDS: Harrod, H-A-R-R-O-D, 1943. And he was down in Louisiana?

PARKER: No, he was, I believe he was in Louisiana for a short time, but he was in Georgia most of the time. And he could speak that _____. Not everybody could do it.

W.T. OLDS: No, not many.

PARKER: That was one of the de-watering projects in Tennessee, you can see the levee, the pump house, and I've forgotten how many acres it was back there we flooded each winter, but we'd get the ducks in there, I'm telling you.

W.T. OLDS: Another picture, 1946, '47, Tennessee Game and Fish Commission.

PARKER: I was lucky in that law enforcement business in that my wife was the sheriff's daughter over at Washington, GA. And her brother was Chief of Police there for a long time, and she was accustomed to law enforcement people and she didn't worry her head about me when I was off. If she did, she didn't let it on, anyway. But, she made a good mate for somebody that was gone for half the time and then the work that I was doing.

W.T. OLDS: You were gone an awful lot, weren't you?

PARKER: Yeah. She died last July, with Alzheimer's Disease.

W.T. OLDS: Well, Parker, I can't think of anything else that we could cover unless you think of some more stories . . .

PARKER: Well, I'm going to put on some stories here and let you hear them on tape.

W.T. OLDS: All right.

PARKER: Probably you'll hear some I've already told, but you can stand it two times, can't you?

W.T. OLDS: Sure can.

TAPE

PARKER:

When I was a wildlife ranger on Blue Ridge Lake, I met a couple from Atlanta who, presumably, were there to fish, but they were both drinking heavily at the time that I first encountered them. The woman was a rather hefty, cheap looking blonde, and when I checked them for their fishing licenses, she was a little bit more than flirtatious. The man didn't seem to mind. Later on that day, I was crossing the lake, and saw those two coming down the lake in a small motor boat, I guess with about a five horse motor on it, and when they were near enough to see and identify me, that gal jumped to her feet, waving and yelling and hollering, "Hi there, Ranger!" But she'd hardly gotten that out of her mouth before she fell over backwards, right over the edge of the boat and into the water. I started towards them but as soon as I saw that the man wasn't too drunk to fish her out of the water, I left those parts in a hurry.

When on the subject of women, I recall as a game management agent, during the time that war rationing had everyone stinting on gasoline, I rode the train down to Brunswick and worked with Agent Walker Harrod out of his car for a few days. When I returned to Atlanta, I purchased a Pullman berth for the night trip. When I got on that train, I nearly dropped my teeth, I was the only man on the car, and all the rest of them were WAVES, on their way to a new base with the U.S. Navy. Sounds nice, doesn't it? Well, ____ (talking over tape). As if I would have tried anything, anyway.

This was a tall tale. This fella says there was a molasses barrel in his yard, and the ends were still intact, both ends of the barrel, but the bunghole had been opened up, and it was pointing straight towards the sky. He said there came a rain that was like nothing he ever saw, that it rained so hard the water going through that bunghole knocked both ends out of that barrel. Another tall story involved a hunter, who was in the ____ Swamp, looking for turkeys, and he got tired of beating around in the bushes so he decided he'd lie down and rest, so he propped his rifle up against a tree, laid down on the ground, and propped his head up against a log, but the log moved. So he got the rifle and got to investigating, and finally, beating around in the bushes, he found that snake's head, because that's what it was, a big snake. He said the snake had his mouth wide open in a threatening posture, and he shot him right square in the mouth. And he said, "I reckon I addled that snake because he thrashed around there for a while and then he spit up a canoe that had two men in it."

One time, when I was driving the ice truck, in ____ and Madison County, I was driving through the Watson's Mill covered bridge, a one-way bridge. As I came out on the other side,

a Model-A Ford full of black people was coming down the hill. There was no way that they could get around me, so the driver turned off into the ditch and turned the car up on the side, and black folks came pouring out of that automobile like bees out of a hive. One huge black woman crawled out, looked around, and began to holler, "Where my fifty cents, where my fifty cents?" And she crawled back into that automobile and scrounged around, and finally she came crawling back out with a handkerchief, and the fifty cents was tied in a corner of the handkerchief. ____ (Talking over tape).

____ was driving an ice truck, and went into that same bridge, it was dark inside, and he could not see what was going on very well, and as he went into the bridge he realized that there was a one-horse wagon going the same direction that he was, in front of him. The truck was loaded with ice so he was unable to stop it completely, and he ran into the coupling pole of the wagon. The coupling pole was made out of hickory, and it bowed up when the truck hit it, and threw the man sitting in the wagon up in the air, and according to the story, he landed on the mule. Nobody was hurt except the wagon and the front end of that truck, the radiator was torn up.

I remember one time, Jack McLanahan and I decided to go down to Swainsboro, GA, where ____ Sutton, a friend of ours, had arranged dates with some girls. We took off from Elberton late one evening and, it was very stormy. It was during the ides of March, I remember that, the first week, I believe it is, in March. Anyway, on a dirt road, between Stapleton and Thompson, we lost control, or Jack, who was driving, lost control of the car, and we went off in a ditch, and the car was laying sideways at about a forty-five degree angle, and no way for us to get out. By then it was in the middle of the night, the wind was blowing thirty or forty miles an hour, it was raining, and that ditch was full of water. I was on the passenger side, the lower side in the position that the car was in, and water filled up into the automobile until I was sitting in it, perhaps six inches of water. There was no way to get out, the frame of the car had been twisted in some way or another so we could not get the doors open, and there was nowhere to go, anyway. No lights, no sign of anybody, and that wind just howling. So during the night, we would occasionally wiggle around and swap places, and one of us would sit in the water, and the other one would sit under the steering wheel. When daylight came, off in the distance we could see a small house with smoke coming up out of the chimney, so we crawled through the driver's side window and walked, oh, I would think a half a mile, maybe less, down to this house, knocked on the door, and this white fella came to the door, he looked us over real carefully, saw that we were in trouble, and had us come on in. I remember that he had a fireplace with a huge fire going in it, being fed with lighted pine knots, and that was the warmest, prettiest fire that I ever saw in my life. I don't remember how we got out the ditch, but I think the farmer took his mule and pulled it out in the road. We cranked it up, put something down, on the seat, so it wouldn't be too wet, and proceeded on down to Swainsboro, about eight hours late for our dates.

Back in the days of the Model-T Ford, some service guy came up with the Twenty Third Psalm, it was sacrilegious, but it was funny to me, so I memorized it, and I believe I can recall all of it. Anyway, here's what I do remember: The Ford is my auto, I shall not want another. It maketh me to lie down beneath it. It soureth my soul. It leadeth me into the paths of ridicule for its name's sake. Yea, though I ride through the valley, I ____ up the hill. Thy rods and thy engine discomfit me. Thy radiator runneth over. I annointeth thy tires with patches in the presence of mine enemies. Surely if this thing follows me for the rest of the days of my life, I shall dwell in the bughouse forever.

Somewhere, close to 1940, an old lady in Macon, GA called Game Management Agent Walker Harrod and told him that she was in her eighties and was having to give up her home because of her infirmities. She told him she had a stuffed whooping crane in her basement, and inquired if the FWS would like to have it. Walker assumed that she had a sandhill crane or a hiller, but he told her that he'd come and take a look at it when he had the time. Sometime later he did go, and was stupefied to find that that stuffed bird was, in fact, a whooping crane. It was in horrible condition, the lower bill was broken off and many of the feathers were missing, but he took it anyway. It was turned over to the state of Georgia after being reworked by Jonas Brothers Taxidermy in Denver, and today it's on exhibit in the Georgia state capitol at the Museum of Natural History. That old lady told Walker that she shot that crane when she was a teenage girl, saying that there were a few, not a lot, but a few in the ____ river bottoms outside of Macon. That must have been in the 1870's, because she was in her 80's in 1940. Anyway, her contribution of that bird and her account of the presence of whooping cranes in that area provides a tangible record of their former presence, in the state of Georgia.

I previously mentioned Ben Brown, the policeman in Elberton. At this time, I recall that he was a great hunter, but not too careful as to the laws that governed the taking of wildlife in the state of Georgia. One day while I was living in Elberton and working as a game management agent, I heard a shot down near the lake, which was below my residence. It was April or May, sometime in the spring, anyway, so I was curious as to what was going on. I drove down to the lake and the only person I saw was Ben Brown and his son-in-law, sitting down at the bank of the lake fishing. I walked up to Ben and asked him if he was having any luck. He said they were not biting, and about that time, two bluewing teal came sailing in and landed in the water right out in front of us. I asked Ben if he'd heard a shot, and he replied no, or yes, he replied yes, he'd heard one, and when I asked him in what direction, he pointed right towards my house. I knew that was impossible and he was lying, but I couldn't find any evidence of a gun or any dead game around, so I left. The next day I was in town, and Hugh Cleveland, another policeman, came over to me and said, "What did you do to Ben Brown yesterday down on the lake?" I said, "Nothing, what are you talking about?" He said, "Why you nearly caught him shooting at those ducks. When he saw you coming, he threw his automatic shotgun in the lake, and he's at home right now, trying to clean it up."

I have a bunch of stories that I picked up through actual experience and hearing various game management agents tell them over the years, and I'm going to put them down on this tape for the sake of the record.

Warren ____ and I were Assistant Regional Supervisors in the Division of Management Enforcement, FWS, working out of the Atlanta office. During our association, Warren developed a throat cancer and had to have his larynx removed, and from that day, he could only talk with the use of an electronic voice box put out by Southern Bell Telephone Company. It had to be held up to his throat and the words formed with his lips. It was a long time before he acquired that device and, during that time, he was unsuccessful in trying to learn not to swallow air and talk, as many other people do after such an operation. It didn't stop him from working, including field work, so he went on enforcement patrols with the fellas and usually let them do the talking. On one occasion, he was working with Agent Richardson down at Mobile Bay in Alabama. Rich came upon a hunt hunter who was pretty belligerent and was giving Rich a hard time, yelling and cussing in a loud voice. Rich is a pretty calm fella and he wasn't too much impressed with it, listening to the fella and that was about all. Warren had heard the altercation from some distance away and he was running

toward them as fast as he could. When Rich saw him coming, he turned around to this fella and said, "Mister, you see that man coming over yonder? That's my boss and he's rough and tough. He don't say much, but you sure had better look out." Well, that boy must have taken him at his word because he calmed down and left. Warren couldn't have said a word if he'd wanted to.

(NOT TAPE)

PARKER: Speaking of that artificial larynx, I was working for Ricardo in Puerto Rico, and we were in Colomo, and passed this house and there were cages in front of the house with birds in them - mockingbirds and things of that kind, and I pointed them out to Ricardo and said, "Let's stop and check this out, so we went in." It was a dirt-floored, one-room shack, and we went in and there was a guy lying on a pallet, you could tell he was sick, looking at him, there was an old, tall, stringy lady and real old, standing back in the background, and a little boy a couple of years old, and they spoke only Spanish, so Ricardo told them we were going to have to make a case against them and take the birds, which we did. And this old lady was standing back in the background and her eyes were big and there were tears forming, and I said "Lady, if you speak English, don't worry about it, it's not going to be a big deal, you'll just pay a fine and that's all." And she shook her head, she didn't understand me. And then she pulled a rag away from her throat and she'd had a laryngectomy and it was still raw, so she was cursed from then on by not being able to say a word. And later on, I was talking to Ricardo, I said, "Tell this lady the Southern Bell Telephone people make an artificial larynx and you can get it for thirty five or forty dollars and she can speak again." And he told her and great big tears rolled down her face and she was shaking her head doing like that, didn't have the money. That worried the heck out of me. I called Southern Bell when I got back and asked them if they would donate one to a good cause and they said, "Sorry, but we'd be opening up Pandora's box if we did that, we just, it can't be done." And I said, "Well, how much does one cost?" And they said forty dollars, I believe it was, and I said, "Send one out to me," and I sent them the money for it, and sent it to Ricardo. And he took it to that old lady, and he said in thirty minutes she was speaking, just absolutely delighted. And I got a letter from her. She had somebody else write it, but I prized that very highly.

W.T. OLDS: July 28, 1969. What was the name of the town there?

PARKER: Colomo.

W.T. OLDS: Colomo, Puerto Rico. Dear Mr. Smith, these few words just to let you know about the artificial larynx sent by you to me. First I wish to express how happy I feel and thanks to you. Otherwise, I had no hope to get one, because of my poorness. Second, I am praying to God for good health and long life. Sincerely, I have no words to express my emotional happiness thanks to you. My best to you and your family, sincerely,

PARKER: Look at that name.

W.T. OLDS: I can't make it out.

PARKER: It's wrong, anyway.

W.T. OLDS: Yeah. Veronico Alvarado. But that's really nice.

PARKER: As I say, I prize that letter very much. But anyway, that reminded me of this. We'll go back to this, if you can stand some more.

W.T. OLDS: Boy, I sure can.

(TAPE)

PARKER:

Over in Arkansas, Agent Wesley Perkins was checking duck hunters one day and there were three fellas standing around in a flooded fennel flat, and he approached the man that was closest to him. And he asked for his duck stamp and his gun, so that he could check and see if the gun was plugged. And the fella had no duck stamp and when Wes checked the gun, he found that it was not plugged. He handed the gun back to the fella after he unloaded it, and was squatting down, writing him up, using his knee as a brace for his book of charges. Suddenly, he heard the man standing behind him reloading the gun, and when he looked around, the fella was in the process of swinging the gun around at him. From a squatting position, I don't know how he did it, Wes managed somehow or another to kick that fella's feet out from under him, and jumped right on him in the water and mud there. The other two hunters came rushing over hollering and saying, "Don't hurt him, he's crazy." Well, it turned out that that was the truth, that fella had just been released from an insane asylum and had gone hunting with the two fellas who were his cousins or brothers or some sort of kin. I don't recall what they done about that case but I think that Wes just didn't push it any further. An officer never knows when he's going to have to face up to someone who isn't normal and that makes for a dangerous situation.

While we are in Arkansas, I might state that that state is noted for the hundreds of thousands of ducks, mainly Mallards, that come to winter in the rice fields and the flooded fennel flats. I remember hearing of ducks raining down in this town, Stuttgart, all of them frozen. It appears they were in migration and were sucked up in an updraft associated with a thunder storm and it took them so high in the air they became covered with ice and thus, could no longer fly. In another incident, again in Stuttgart, migrating ducks flew into and broke several windows on the upper floor of the Horizon Hotel. That occurred also on a stormy, foggy night.

Agent Jake Wolfley, once described by a fellow agent as being a fifty-two year old juvenile delinquent - well, that's an exaggeration, but Jake could get into more situations than any agent I ever knew, especially in using his moving equipment, again, mainly airboats. ____

(Talking over tape) ____ down in the eastern part of the Everglades, when he looked out his left window, and there was his airboat, streaming along on the right of way, even with the car. It had gotten loose from its fastenings and slipped off the trailer. When it was all over, the airboat was a complete wreck.

Another time, Jake and a state officer were working together, using the state man's car to pull the airboat trailer. The car quit running and they couldn't find what the trouble was at first, but finally they determined it had run out of gas. Jake got the idea he could crank up that airboat and with it, firmly fastened to the trailer, he could push the car to the nearest service station. Well, it worked, but it worked too good. He had the state man driving the car and Jake was sitting in the high chair of the airboat with his mustache and his cowboy hat blowing in the wind, going faster and faster until he had it getting close to fifty or sixty miles an hour. The state officer was grimly hanging on and guided the car as best he could. A state trooper came up behind and cut on his flashing lights and his siren but the airboat was making so much noise, Jake didn't know he was behind him. Finally, the trooper saw an opening around the rig and shot over to the side of the road and on up front, where he got

them stopped. He got out of the car and walked all the way around the automobile and the airboat trailer, looking at the ground, never looking at the men. Finally, getting back beside Jake, he put his hands on his hips and he looked up and said, "Mister, just what in the hell do you think you're doing?" Jake replied, "We're out of gas and I was just pushing the car up to the next service station, that's all." The trooper made one more round, circling the car, the airboat trailer, looking at everything except the men, and then he said, "Okay, you go ahead, but if you get that thing over twenty miles an hour I'm going to run both of you in." Agent Noah Long tells of an occasion when he and Wolfley were in an airboat, patrolling the flooded St. John's River. He said Jake was in the chair where the boat is controlled, and he was crouched down on the floor in front. He had gotten away from the river channel and was cruising along at about forty, fifty miles an hour over shallowly flooded bottom land. The boat hit a stump and it split it, right down the middle, from the bow to the stern. There was a sheet of water shooting up through the split and being vaporized as it hit the propeller on the stern of the boat, and a rainbow formed in the mist behind them. Jake yelled at him to jump out when he ran over near the parked car and trailer, and to back the trailer into the water so they could load up without sinking the boat. He was instructed to back the trailer in and then get out of the way. Noah did just that, but he said when he jumped out of that airboat, he skidded like a flat rock for a long ways across the water, and then waded and swam on over, and backed the trailer down into the water. Jake got way out in the water, lined it up with the trailer, and came sailing in at full _____. He failed to cut the engine off soon enough, and that boat hit the trailer, sailed into the air, right over the automobile, right over Noah Long, who was standing in front of the car, and crashed in the marsh. Jake got thrown several yards further out in the marsh but he wasn't hurt. However, the airboat was another total wreck.

On a patrol in the vicinity of the St. John's river bottoms, again, a flooded river, Wolfley was running his airboat at full speed over some flooded pasture land when all of a sudden, there loomed up a barbed-wire fence, standing high enough out of the water to be about even with Wolfley's knees as he sat in the control or high chair. He didn't have time to do anything but just raise his legs up in the air. The boat hit that wire at full speed, bowing it out and then snapping back. And when that airboat stopped so suddenly, it shot Jake out like he was a projectile of some sort. He said he landed right on his butt with his feet high in the air, in a mud flat some distance further away, and slid for perhaps fifty feet, still with his legs in that high position, hoping and praying that he didn't slide over a stump or a log that was sunk in the mud. That airboat was a complete wreck also, about the third or fourth one he demolished. And after that, no more airboats were assigned to the Florida district.

Agent Paul Cole and Wolfley were on a boat patrol once, down around St. ____, in the panhandle section of Florida. They decided to stop and look over an area where there might be ____ (talking over tape) going on. When they landed, Jake had pulled the boat up on the beach and didn't throw the anchor out or anything else, and they went on up in the flats. Paul said he told Jake that boat might get away but he said, "Oh, no, we won't but gone but a few minutes." So when they came back, there was the boat, bobbing around in the water, a hundred or more yards out from the shore, and headed towards Cuba, I guess you could say. There was a whole lot of yelling and cussing, Jake got excited and he was running up and down the beach praying to St. Patrick or St. Peter or whatever the Catholics pray to, snatching off his boots as he ran, pulling off his pants. Finally, he jumped in the water and started swimming towards that boat. It was a long ways out to it. And, in the meantime, Paul, with a cooler head, got a piece of palmetto log and he was using it for a float and he was swimming, too. Jake got to where an old piling was sticking out of the water and the rope that was hanging out of the boat had lain around that piling and stopped it. Jake again was praying

and crossing himself and going back to his Catholic religion, really putting on a show. He was about exhausted, holding onto that piling, he was too weak to get into the boat. But finally he crawled up the piling and managed to make it into the boat. There were a lot of barnacles on the piling and they cut him up pretty bad, from his neck on down. But Paul finally paddled up with the palmetto log as a float. They both got in the boat and everything was hunky-dory. As it was, they had cameras, pistols, shotguns, binoculars, all sort of equipment in that boat, and if they'd have lost it, they would have really got in trouble out of the regional office. It was some experience, according to what Paul told me. In yet another situation, Wolfley was driving down the highway, pulling a heavy speedboat and driving too fast. Traffic in front of him suddenly stopped. When he hit the brakes, he had to do so with all his might to keep from hitting the car in front of him. Well, that boat left that trailer, slid up on top of the car, and mashed the car down on Jake, sitting under the driver's wheel. He wasn't hurt, and I think maybe St. Patrick or St. Peter looked after him in that incident, too.

Sometime in the 1930's, Agent Whitehead, the first Federal agent to be stationed in Georgia, was driving down the highway towards Brunswick, and his wife was in the car with him. As he approached the ___ River crossing, he saw a Negro crossing ___, carrying a sack with something in it and a shotgun. He stopped and stepped out and called the man by name, whereupon he slipped behind tree, raised up his gun, and shot Whitehead, killing him then and there. It turned out that that sack contained a jar of corn whiskey and some hog meat. Officers later encountered the black fella in the marsh, and in the ensuing gun battle, ___ (talking over tape), the man was killed.

Many years ago, Game Management Agent Herman ___ apprehended two duck hunters who were shooting ducks from a running motor boat in Savannah River. ___ lived in South Carolina, and the man lived in Georgia, so he took their motor and their guns and told them that they should be there the next morning at ten o'clock or whatever time, he would take them to a South Carolina magistrate and they could pay their fines. The next day when he stepped out of his car, at the landing, when Herman stepped out of the car, someone opened up on him with shotguns loaded with buckshot from across the river and they seriously wounded him. He stayed in the hospital for quite a while getting patched up from that shooting. And from that day on, he was an extraordinarily cautious officer when he contacted hunters. He would usually shake hands with his left hand in his hunting coat pocket, and invariably he had a .38 snub nosed pistol in that left hand, ready to shoot if anything untoward happened. He once told me he had found it, either, he once told me that if he encountered either of those two duck hunters - he was sure they were the ones who shot him - that he'd kill them. Many years later, Tommy Lines, while working on his ___ in company with Herman, encountered a man who tried to get a shotgun off him, and in the struggle, fired the gun between Tommy's feet. About then, ___ came running up, and the fella was one of the guys who had shot him in previous years. Tommy said he had more trouble keeping ___ from shooting that man than he had in keeping that hunter under control. It was a tight situation for a short time.

Walker Harrod was patrolling on one of the big plantations down near Thomasville when he came upon two men hunting ducks in a heavily baited pond. When he started writing them up (Interrupted by PBS, not on tape: I don't know whether we ought to put this in, this Admiral Nimitz and Bull Halsey that he's catching. There's nothing wrong, but should that go on this?

W.T. OLDS: Oh, might as well, you know, we can still edit it out.

PARKER: Okay.) got there ____, he says he nearly fainted. Both were internationally famous Admirals in the United States Navy whose names were watchwords during the naval fighting during WWII in the south Pacific. This will be the end of side number thirteen.

(NOT ON TAPE)

PARKER: Well, so much for that one.

W.T. OLDS: Yeah, right, you've got some good stories there.

PARKER: That's just the beginning.

W.T. OLDS: Just the beginning.

PARKER: Just the beginning. Let's see, if you want some more, we can lay it on.

W.T. OLDS: Well, if you've got some more, we're ready to listen to it.

PARKER: I've entitled all this stuff "The Recollections of a Septuagenarian," but I'm having to change that to an octogenarian.

W.T. OLDS: In your storytelling, do you go around to some of the fairs and so forth and tell stories?

PARKER: No.

W.T. OLDS: Or just tell them for the record?

PARKER: Somebody ____ have to listen to this bunch of blarney that I've got on here. But I've enjoyed remembering and telling them, and I think that Howard, well that newspaper reporter that's pretty good. Anyway, he was talking about his ____, he said he was such a liar he had to call on his neighbors to call his hogs for him.

(TAPE)

PARKER:

While Walker Harrod was stationed in Alabama, he apprehended this Federal judge hunting doves on a baited field. Maybe it was some other violation, but anyway, Walker had just been assigned to the Alabama area and was anxious to get started on the right foot. He was very much afraid he'd gotten onto the wrong foot, but he looked the judge up anyway. Fortunately, he had a good man there, because the judge fined himself in Federal court and paid the fine sometime later. No further problems.

I came upon a dove hunter down in ____ County, GA, one day, got talking to him and he started belly aching about how the state rangers down there had treated him. I don't think I can describe it very well, it was mostly, the most comical thing I ever heard, the way that fella was talking. Well, he said that he would often take his girlfriend . . .

(One audio tape ended, the other began)

Thomas County, and if a turkey showed up on the side of the road on some of the millionaires' plantations down there, he would shoot it, run over, grab it, climb back over the fence, get into his car, and get on down the road. The local rangers got on to what he was doing, so they took a domestic turkey and tied it to a stake out near a road, early one Sunday morning. Well, this guy and his girlfriend came running down the road, he saw the turkey, got his rifle, shot it, killed it stone dead, ran over and grabbed hold of the turkey and was trying to pick it up. He said that was the heaviest turkey that he'd ever gotten hold to, he couldn't get him off the ground. And before he found out that the turkey was tied down to the stake, the two rangers came jumping out of the bushes and grabbed him, and he was fined for shooting turkeys, trespassing for one thing, shooting turkeys out of season. That was a comical story, I wish I could tell it like he did.

Once I was working with a state ranger down near Reynolds, GA, and we were in the Flint River swamp on patrol. We stepped out on a sand bar, and someone across the river opened up on us with a rifle. Bullets were snapping around us. It wasn't long before I noticed that every shot alternated. He'd shoot to the right of us one time and to the left the next. And though the bullets were hitting four or five feet from us, they were close enough to make us uncomfortable. We could see the smoke coming up across the river where the rifle was being fired, but we couldn't see the man. It was too far for us to be shooting back with pistols. So we did the only thing that we could under the circumstances, we retreated as gracefully as possible. I bet that rifleman had a lot of fun, telling about shooting at those damn game wardens why they were on ____ (talking over tape).

Another time I was working in the river swamp just south of ____ with State Wildlife Ranger Jenkins. As we walked along the river bank, I saw a young blonde man walking through the trees on the other side of the river, with a shotgun in his hand and looking up in the trees. It was evident he was squirrel hunting. I turned around to Jenkins and said, ____ ____, "What do you want to do, Jenkins?" And he said, "Well, you've got more experience than I have, you go ahead and do what you want to." So I decided that I would warn the guy, and I called to him, and he looked around and saw us, and then I told him that we were wildlife officers and that he was hunting squirrels out of season and he had better stop. Well, I couldn't have made a bigger uproar if I had set off a stick of dynamite. That guy went berserk. He called us every wild name that's ever been invented, and dared us to come anywhere near him, said he'd kill us. Since we couldn't get to him even if we'd wanted to, we just went on our business. Later, I went to the Sheriff in ____ and described the guy to him and told him what had happened. He said, "Oh, that's old so and so" - he called his name - he said, "he's just recently come back from the south Pacific, he's a veteran in the Marines, and he's also a psycho. He's dangerous and it's lucky that you weren't on the same side of the river with him; he'd have probably tried to kill you."

I became almost discouraged enough to resign my Federal commission when two gator hunters were apprehended in the Okefenokee Swamp with seventy six alligator hides in their boat. They were taken before Judge T. ____ Davis, in Federal court, and, on pleading guilty, Judge Davis fined them five dollars each. Both of those fellas were former convicts, and they tried to put up a fight when they were apprehended. The value of the gator hides that they had in the boat would have run into the hundreds of dollars to say the least, and that five dollar fine was just a joke. This occurred in the early 1940's.

Christmas Mosey was an old neighbor, in his 80's when I knew him, who was born as a slave in the area around Ft. Wentworth, GA. He remained in that vicinity all his life and he was a

dyed in the wool duck hunter. He also hunted for the market, down before and after that became illegal. Uncle Christmas was also dangerous, it was necessary to put a gun on him when he was contacted hunting ducks or he'd put one on the officer and run him out of the marsh. Agent Whitehead once encountered Christmas, Christmas tried to put his gun on him, and Whitehead shot him out of the boat, hitting him in the shoulder with his pistol. And then he dragged him out of the water and got him to the bank, got him to a doctor, and finally prosecuted him for hunting on the Federal Wildlife Refuge. I remember that when Uncle Christmas, in Federal court, was shooting wood ducks. The judge, Judge ____, had known Christmas all his life, and had probably hunted with him at one time or another. When he was asked by the judge why he insisted on shooting those wood ducks, Uncle Christmas, who's a Geechee (?), by the way, said, "Ever eat 'em, Judge? Ever eat 'em?" ____ (talking over tape). Because he was a Geechee, Christmas was hard to understand when he talked in that native dialect. He was also incorrigible when it came to duck hunting, and I doubt that he ever even slowed down because of the game wardens who dogged his trail.

Manny Carr, at one time a refuge patrolman on Savannah National Wildlife Refuge, was a typical Geechee River product. He was a white man, but he talked slow and easy, but he was rough, tough, and determined. Several stories about that old fella, I think, would be apropos. One day Agent John Boswell and Manny were patrolling in the Savannah River swamp and saw a Negro walking through the brush with a gun under his arm. Manny slipped behind a tree, that was his usual way of working with someone, and let John make the approach. When John spoke to the hunter, he whirled around and threw his gun on Boswell. Manny jumped out from behind that tree with his old .45 pistol leveled and he hollered, "Drop it, you yellow SOB!" and that man dropped his gun right then and there. They were all deathly afraid of Manny Carr.

Manny had been a prohibition officer at one time, and involved in several gun fights in which fatalities occurred, some due to his accurate shooting. I faintly recall the story of him shooting a Cuban out of a boat, using a .38 rifle, in that particular instance. Most of the work that he did was dealing on the water, with rum runners bringing in rum from the Bahamas and from Cuba.

Dr. Ted Creaser was the Refuge Manager at Savannah Refuge in the 40's, and being a New England native, a Yankee so to speak, he was unfamiliar with how to properly handle some of the outlaws who poached on that refuge. One day he happened to see a car stop on the highway which ran through the refuge, and the driver poked a gun out of the window and shot two ducks that were on the water near the road. He got out and retrieved the ducks, threw them in the back of the car, and was just cranking up to leave when Creaser approached him. Dr. Creaser told him that he was taking the ducks. Dr. Creaser told him that he was seizing the ducks. ____ put a hand out to them, whereupon the driver, who was, I don't know why they called them brass anchors, but he said a brass anchor ____, so he started to argue. About that time, Manny came driving up and he asked what was going on. Creaser told him the man had informed him he would have to have a warrant to take the ducks, which by the way, were in plain sight in the back of the car. Without any hesitation, Manny walked over to the car, reached in, grabbed the guy by the collar, dragged him out through the window, and knocked him down, saying, "Here's my warrant, you SOB." He threw the man into the back of his truck, took the ducks out of the car, hauled the man to the refuge headquarters and they wrote him up and he was later prosecuted for shooting ducks on the refuge.

____ (talking over tape) a ____ hunter and commercial fisherman. At one time he lived on the ____ River where he fished for shad and other species of fish that were ____ to man. That was in the days before outboard motors had been invented, and he paddled his boat to the nets and traps that he operated. He had a pet otter named Minnie, and that animal loved to go with him

when he fished his nets and traps. ____ (noise over tape) choice fish tidbits. Manny told me that sometimes he didn't want the otter to go with him, and he would lock her up in the house and ____ his wife to let her out two or three hours after he left. Invariably, whether he went up or down the river, depending on the tides, that otter would find him, no matter how far he was from home. He said it never failed. ____ (talking over tape) taking that otter with him when he went to town, and said that her hopping along the street beside him always drew a lot of attention. In those days, Jewish merchants commonly displayed their merchandise on racks set up on the sidewalks in front of the stores. Manny would stop at one of these and try on a hat, and then he'd put it back and say, "Ah, that's no good," or something like that, and walk on down the street. After he got down the street a ways, he'd turn around to Minnie and say, "Minnie, go get my hat." The otter would go back to the rack, take the hat that he had tried on, and come streaking down the street with that hat in her mouth, and usually the merchant right behind, hitting at her with a broom or a stick. Much to the delight of everybody. ____ (talking over tape).

I recall when I first went to work as a Federal agent, I was working down in the Savannah area and Manny was with us, and he told me this, "Mr. Smith, when you work down in this part of Georgia, you'd better be on your guard all the time. Down here it's dog-eat-dog all the time." ____ (talking over tape) that, too. It was a tough area.

The old time game management agents, who started out with the enactment of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, were able to, and did, get away with a lot of tricks that wouldn't work today because of the kind of rules and requirements of law enforcement officers. Many years ago, on Reelfoot Lake, for instance, Cotton Soaper arrested and convicted a hunter for shooting before legal hunting hours, even though the fella was only shooting at a cormorant, an unprotected species. At that time, the law required that hunting start half an hour before sunrise for shooting waterfowl. While that early shot at the cormorant was technically illegal, it was all that was necessary to start every other hunter in the area to shooting at waterfowl, and thereby extremely irritating the law enforcement officers.

Cotton Soaper was the agent in charge in Kentucky, and he loved to drink. The first mint julep I ever tasted, that was a real mint julep, was at his house. Several of us had been to Chicago to attend the 1946 Game Management Agents National Conference. As I recall, I was riding with Bill Davis, Jim Silver, and Roy Moore, and we were en route to Atlanta. We spent the night in Henderson, and Cotton invited us all over to his house for breakfast. When we arrived at his home in the early morning, Cotton got out a quart-sized copper mug with three handles, filled it with crushed ice, placed several sprigs of mint in it, poured in some sugar, and then filled it to the brim with bourbon whiskey. He then stirred that concoction until a frost formed all over the outside of the mug. We stood in a circle and passed that around, each of us taking two, three times at drinking the julep. It was good. The only thing about it was, I couldn't hold my liquor like some of the others and when breakfast was served, I was ravenous, to say nothing of being pretty high. I ate two or three eggs, ham, biscuits, grits, everything I could lay hands on, and then began pounding on the table and yelling for more. Mrs. Soaper obliged me, with a smile. It was several years before I saw her again, and had the chance to apologize for my rude and crude behavior. She acted as if she didn't even remember it.

Bill Lee was also an agent in the state of Kentucky, later taking over as the agent in charge after Soaper retired. I remember Bill telling of encountering a policeman from Evansville, IN, who was hunting in the Ohio River bottoms at night. I believe they were coon hunting. The cop had violated some regulation and Bill started writing him up. The man took exception to what was transpiring and started arguing, eventually calling Bill a very nasty name and took a

swing at him. It was at night, as I've said, and Bill was carrying a five-cell flashlight, which he immediately used as a weapon, beating the stuffing out of that cop, and absolutely ruining his flashlight.

___ (talking over tape) Willie Parker, the author of the book called "Federal Game Warden" was at one time assigned to Kentucky, and I remember he owned a small female Labrador retriever named Pat. Bill was quite proficient in banding wood ducks, and used that retriever to catch the young woodies before they could fly. Pat would run the moving ducks down, or swim them down, catch them, and bring them to Bill without putting a scratch on them. Pat also did her stint on two or three assignments to Canada, where she caught and retrieved ducklings of several species, mainly mallards. She was a valuable helper and a top-quality comrade for Bill Parker.

Game Management Agent Herman Zeigler and Deputy Jim Schuler were working in the rice field country in South Carolina one time, and they had a five horse motor, and a can of gasoline in the truck of the official car. Somehow, the gas can exploded while they were driving along, blowing the back seat up on top of the two men in front. That seat protected them from the flames, however, and they managed to get out of the car, but the car burned to a crisp. I have remembered that incident ever since, and have always been super careful about how gasoline is transported in an automobile. Zeigler was carrying that gas in an ordinary can such as you would carry kerosene or something of that kind in, and it was not a safety can. The safety can is a must when hauling gasoline in the back of a car.

Jay Kelsey and Oren Steele were two of the agents appointed shortly after the Migratory Bird Treaty Act was enacted and put in force. They could tell some hair-raising stories, and some funny ones. Both were prolific correspondents and glorified in writing each other insulting letters, usually routing them through the Regional Office so that we on the staff there could read them. In one letter, Jay Kelsey told Oren that when he was a baby, his mother carried him upside down for several weeks before she found out which end was his face. Of course, Oren replied with an equally insulting description, but I don't remember what it was. Those two were real jokers. Kelsey told me of an incident soon after he went to work for the Biological Survey, which is now the FWS. He and Steele were traveling on a motorcycle in North Dakota, one riding behind the other. They were dressed in riding pants and boots, and each had a big pistol on his hip. They came into a small town and, being out of money, they decided to stop at the local bank and cash a check. Well, when they entered the bank, all dusty and dressed as they were, the bank employees mistook them for hold-up men and everybody raised their hands over their heads. It didn't take them long to let them know who they actually were and they managed to get the money.

Kelsey was an agent in Florida and of necessity had to deal with scads of Audubon Society bird lovers. One lady accosted him one day and told him that violators were killing all the game in Florida and something must be done. Kelsey replied that she was mistaken, that he'd only made six cases that year, therefore the violations had to be minimal. The fact was, he never did make many cases. Instead, he made it a point to glad-hand the state game wardens, give them a drink, buy their meals, pat them on the back, and sic' em on the outlaws. They were the ones doing the case making, while Kelsey rode around ___ (talking over tape) the country. Perhaps he had the right system; there was only one of him and there was dozens and dozens of state officers.

Bill Birch was another of the original agents. He was assigned to North Carolina when I knew him, but had worked all up and down the Atlantic coast. He told me of one instance

when he was patrolling for illegal duck trapping on Chesapeake Bay. When ____, somebody took a shot at him with a rifle. The bullet hit in the stock of the rifle that he was carrying over his shoulder and knocking the gun to the ground. He wasn't hurt.

All sorts of stories have come from agents who have worked in the glorious southern states, but none can hold a light to Louisiana. That's where the action was, and is to this day.

Thousands of ducks and geese along the many miles of wild marsh, combined with the wildness of the Cajun people who inhabit those marshes, make a natural setting for weird occurrences. Jake Wolfley, before he was assigned to Florida, worked in the state of Louisiana, and he told me of encountering a bunch of Cajuns shooting ducks at night. When he approached them on a rice field levee, one of them swung around and fired his gun at Jake. Jake was in the process of dodging and the pellets tore off the lower corner of his hunting coat. When he swerved in the other direction and the shirt tail flew out, the fella fired again. His coat tail flew out. The fella fired again, and he took off the other corner of the hunting coat. Not a single shot hit Jake. About then, his co-workers, state officers, arrived and they arrested the group without further incident.

Agent Rudy Oswald was working night hunters down near Lake Charles, LA, and one of the hunters ____ (talking over tape) at him as he approached. Rudy rolled down the rice levee, firing his pistol as he did so, and had the good luck to hit the fella in the forearm. That stopped the shooting and fortunately, the ____ had just cut through the flesh, there was no bones broken. Imagine a man's luck, being able to hit someone with a pistol in the black dark, shooting at the place where the gun flashed, and rolling down a levee at the same time. That was really something.

Agents Van Carlton and Phil Peru were working a sugar cane field one night ____ in black darkness towards the spot where someone had been shooting. Without any warning, that someone fired at them and the shot hit the ground almost between Carlton's feet. He snatched out his pistol, jumped about four feet in the air and fired five times at the flash of the gun. They heard someone groan and then that was all. They didn't dare cut the lights on or approach any nearer, so they lay down on the ground for some time, and when they finally walked up to the spot where the shooter had been, there was just a little blood on the cane stalks. Van reported the incident to the local sheriff, and the sheriff said that if someone had been hurt enough to seek medical help, he would find out about it. About a week later, a black man was buried who had been shot and had never checked in to any sort of medical facility. They felt sure that this was the one they'd encountered in that cane field.

Incidentally, hunting at night in a cane field indicated that the fella was night-lighting wood____, as no duck would be using any sugar cane field.

Carlton was helping state officers on night hunting of deer up around Red Creek Management Area one time, and he happened to be right in the road the hunters attempted to use in making their escape. Van was armed with a carbine. He stepped out in the road, waved his light, and tried to stop the truck in which the men were riding. Instead, the driver of the truck made a determined effort to run over him, so Van shot at the truck several times and managed to put some bullets into the cab of the truck. One man was wounded but not too severely. They didn't stop, anyway. But I recall, later on, that hunter who was hit attempted to sue Carlton for assault with intent to kill, but that case was squashed immediately, never making it to court.

I worked in southwest Louisiana with Agent Houston Gascon in 1941 or 2 soon after I'd been appointed as a game management agent. One night we heard shooting and separated in an attempt to find the hunter. I was driving, so I stopped the car in a one-lane dirt road. Houston had gone out in another direction. After a while, a Model-A Ford came up, but he couldn't pass me, so he stopped. I went over and checked him for a license, which he had, and the license identified him as J. B. Radiseur. I remember that name because the man was black,

and it was intriguing to see a French name for a black man. There were three black women in the car with him, all of them plenty big, and two were sitting in the rumble seat of that old Model-A. I just glanced in about their feet and ___ seat, but I didn't see anything. About then, Gascon came up and made all of them get out of the car so we could make a thorough search. Well, one of those women in the rumble seat was sitting on a cane rail, for which the season was closed. We charged the man with illegal possession of the rail and that was that. I learned from that instance to be more thorough in making searches.

(NOT TAPE)

PARKER: Would you want a break a while?

W.T. OLDS: Yes, I would, let's take a break.

PARKER: Yeah, okay.

(No more on audio tape)